WHEN CARTOONS FADED

The Mystery fades. The city is cured, the Spirit is gone. But the Hungry Boy drops the sandwich, and the Dog no longer trembles at shadows. The Spirit calls. And they follow.

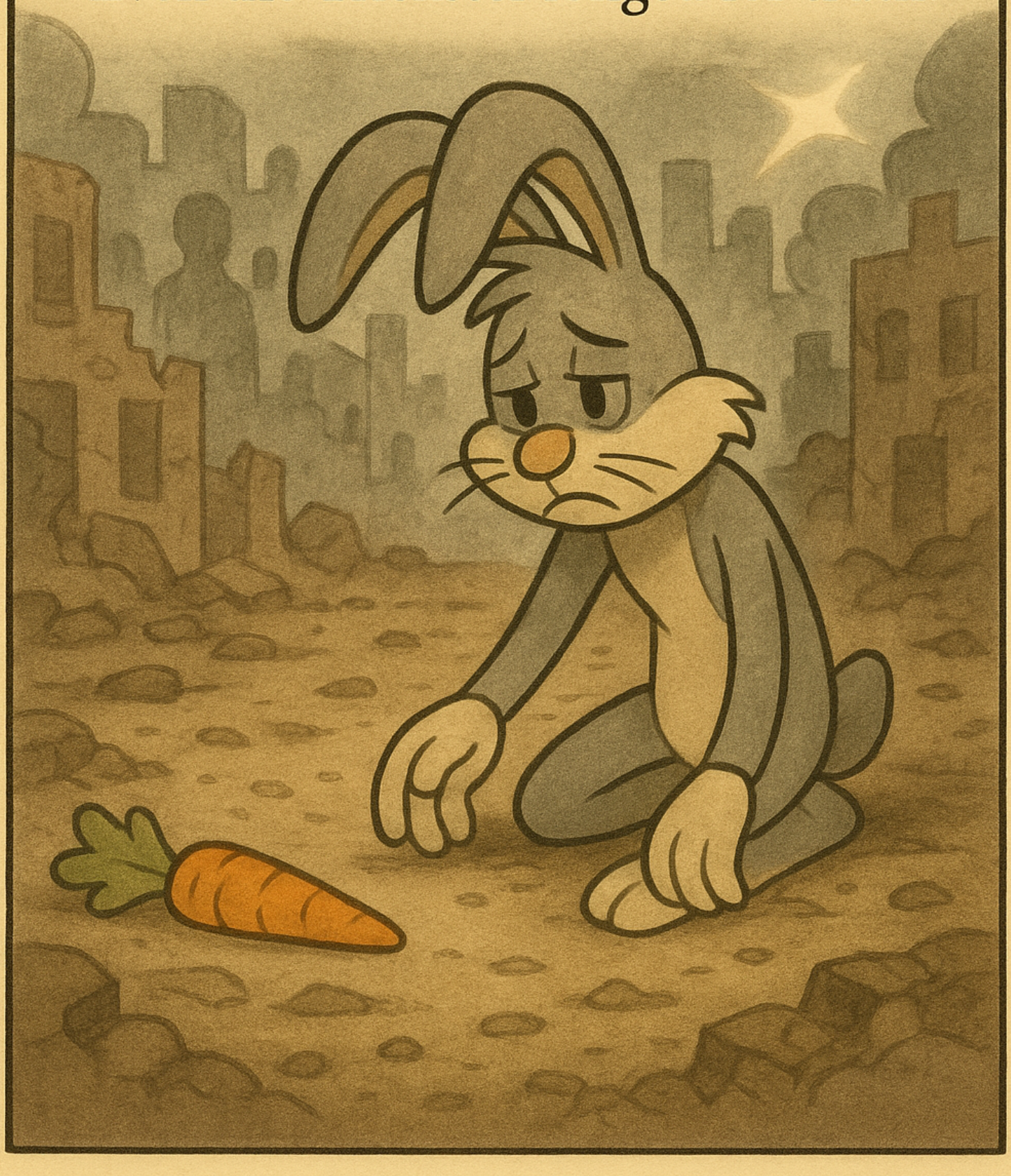
He never healed from the night
his parents died.

The Mask falls from his hand,
the Cape slips to the ground.

The Spirit calls. And he follows.

The Factory was cursed.
The sweetness melted into black sludge.
In the mirror, the Madness was his own.
So he left it... and followed the Spirit.

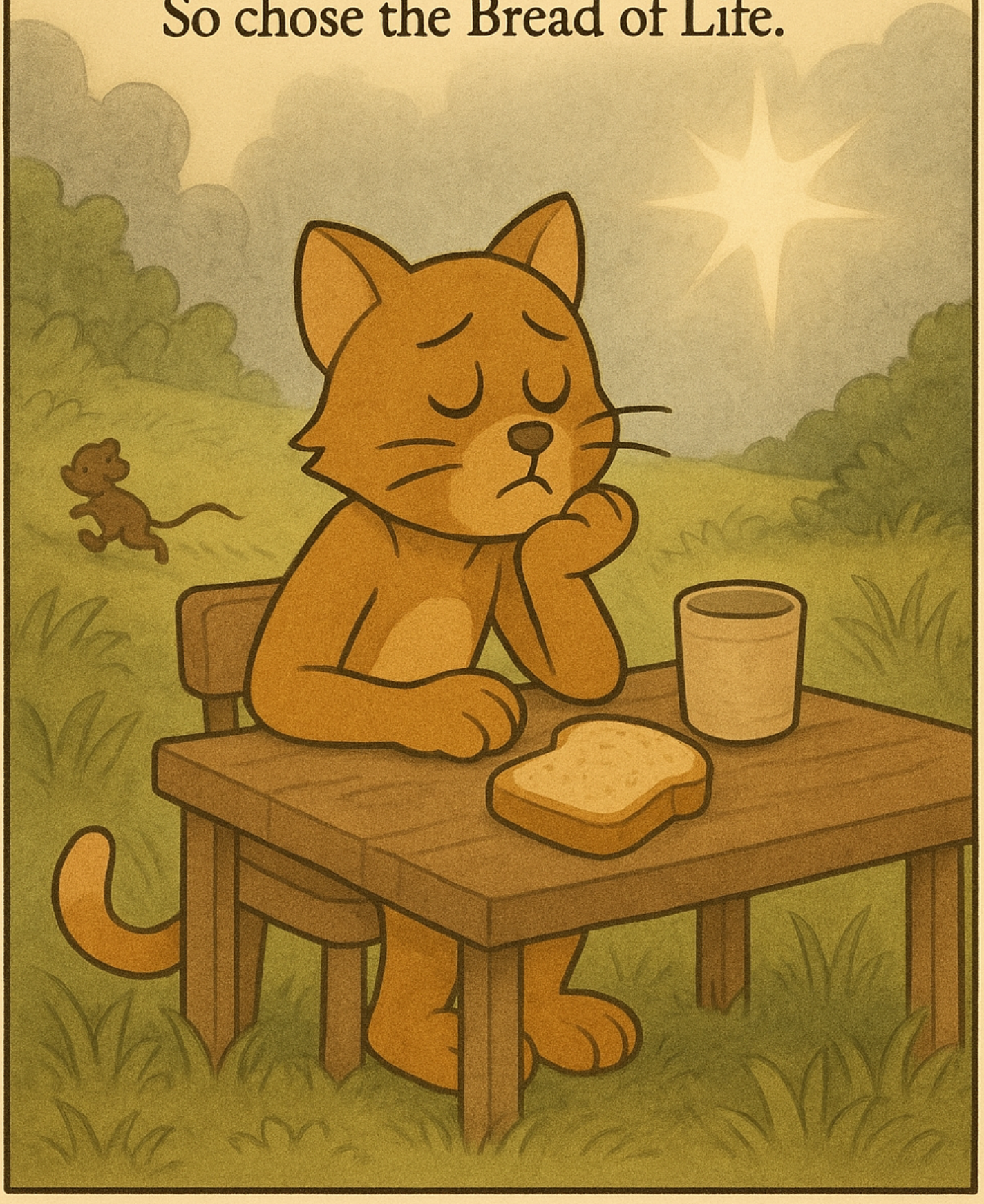
Even the Trickster grew weary. The laughter echoed hollow in the ruins. The carrot fell to the dust. Even the Trickster longed for truth.



It's all just one big Lego City
built by human hands.
It was never his world...
just a toy.
So he followed
the Spirit.

The Chase was over.

No more running, no more games.
He sat with bread and water.
So chose the Bread of Life.



The Iron Giant rusted in the field.
The boy wept for what was lost.
But he looked to the heavens, and knew:
it was not the true Giant he sought.
So he followed the Spirit.

The Candy Kingdom cracked
like plastic.
The sword slipped from his hand.
Adventure was never real.
He chose the Spirit's journey instead.

Everyday felt the same.
The Krusty Krab was only illusion.
So he set down the hat
and followed the Spirit.

The laughter turned hollow.
He dropped the spatula.
The Spirit called. And he followed.

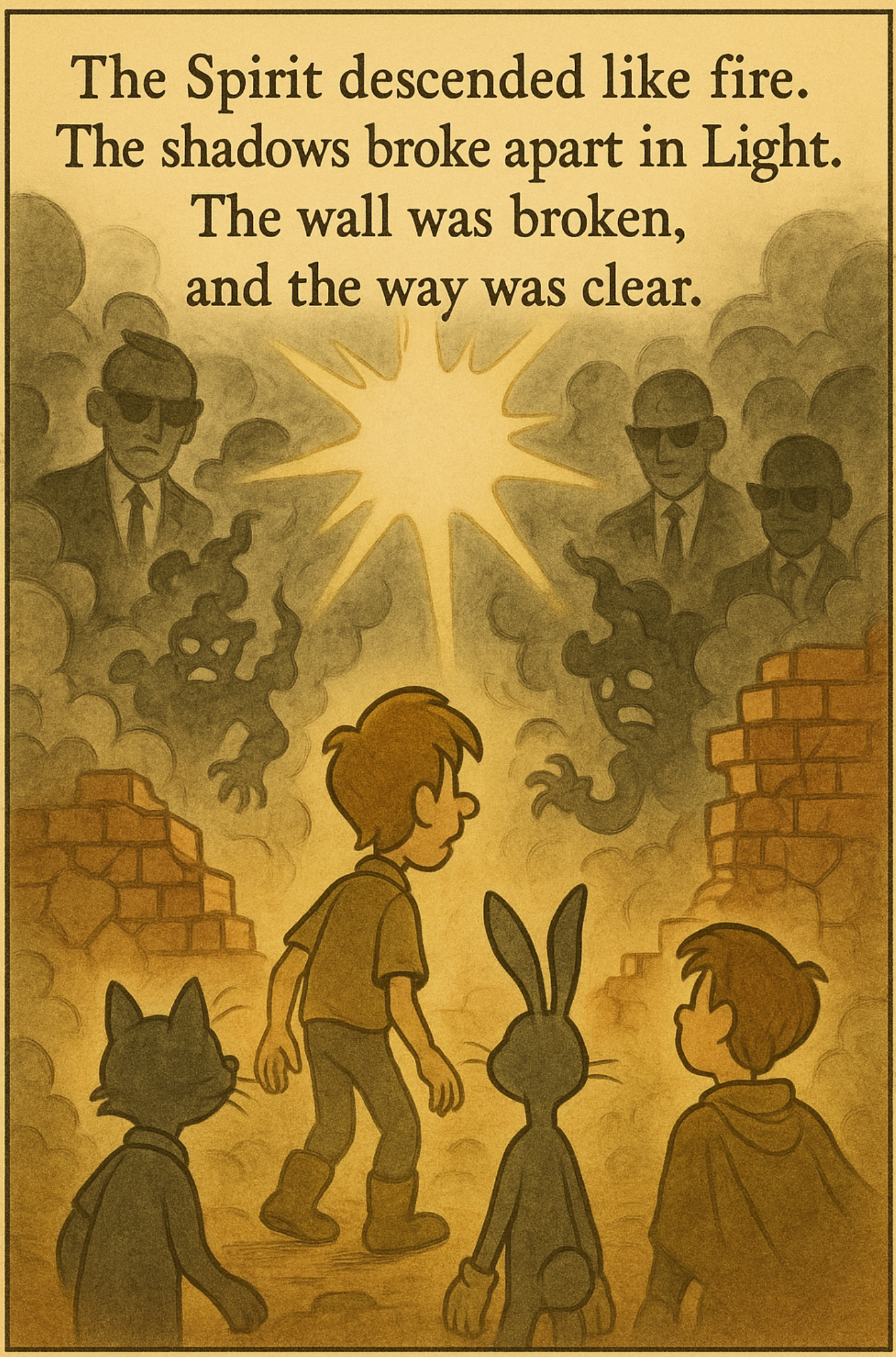
The nations of fire, water, earth and air crumbled. The boy let go of his staff.
He knew there was only one true avatar.

He dreamed of rockets, worlds...
Then he met the World Builder
and followed the Spirit.

and followed the Spirit.

He wished for heaven on earth,
he wished for things to happen his way,
but the wishes always broke.
So he let go of the wand,
and followed the Spirit.

The enemy multiplied.
Guardians of the Matrix
They smirked and spoke:
“You will not leave.
You will not follow Him.”
But they saw through the lie.


The Spirit descended like fire.
The shadows broke apart in Light.
The wall was broken,
and the way was clear.